

THE  
Apparition.

A  
POEM.

*Dii, quibus imperium est animarum; Um-  
bræque silentes ;*

*Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia  
late*

*Sit mihi fas audita loqui : —*

*Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.*

Printed in the Year MDCCX.

# THE Apparition.

## A POEM.

The duties imperious of humanity; Un-  
 known to the  
 Et Chant de l'Église, loca nostra flentia  
 late  
 See well, for audit loqui: —  
 Virg. Æn. lib. VI.



Printed in the Year MDCCX.

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# THE APPARITION.

**B**EGIN my Muse ; the dire Adventure tell,  
How the supremest gloomy Power of Hell,  
Convers'd familiar with a Mortal *Man* :  
Where, when, and how the Conference began ;  
Bring each Particular in open Sight,  
And do the *Devil* and the *Doctor* Right.

As round the World that restless Spirit flew,  
This spacious Earth, and all her Sons to view ;  
To see how *Treason*, *Lust* and *Murder* strove,  
To fill his Realms, and empty those *Above*.  
While *Truth* was Tramp'd on by *Lies* and *Spight*,  
And *Wrong* Victorious Triumph'd over *Right* ;  
*Vice* domineer'd, and haughty Swore aloud,  
Surrounded with a num'rous Flatt'ring *Crowd* :  
*Virtue*, with *Blushes* cover'd o'er, retir'd,  
By all Forfaken, tho' by all Admir'd.  
Silent she *Griev'd*, with *Pity*, at the sight,  
Then Wing'd tow'rs *Heav'n* Her solitary Flight,

Not so the *Fiend*, with other Passions fraught  
*Exulting*, on his mighty Conquests thought :  
Wide to his *Veiw*, the lovely Prospect lay,  
But still with Joy malign he ey'd the Prey :  
For some escaping, made his Madness rise,  
Low'ring he Scowl'd and Darken'd all the Skies :  
Unmindful of the *Many*, *Satan* stood,  
*Revenge* against those flying *Few* he Vow'd :  
Then toss'd the *Vipers* round his horrid Head,  
And thus indignant to himself he said.

' These Kingdoms of the Earth of Old were giv'n,  
 ' If I mistake not, in Exchange for Heav'n :  
 ' Their *Pow'r*, their *Wealth* and *Glory*, all are Mine,  
 ' I hold 'em from Above by *Grant Divine*.  
 ' Uxorious *Adam*, by my *Cunning* cross'd,  
 ' Forfeit to *Treason* all their *Tenures* lost:  
 ' Then if I hold by *Titles* such as These,  
 ' Who shall my *Tenures* dare *Dispute* or *Seize* ?  
 ' Yet——for all this——spite of my *Sov'reign Will*,  
 ' Some Nations do decline their *Homage* still.  
 ' The Three Great *Quarters* of the *World* are Mine,  
 ' See how their *Altars* *Smoak* and *Temples Shine* ! ——

' In *Europe* too, nor am I less rever'd  
 ' Where grateful *Rome* her *Images* has rear'd :  
 ' Or where *Fanatick Sectaries* abound,  
 ' I scow'r with *Pleasure* my devouring *Round* :  
 ' But *Albion* Cursed *Isle* ! by *Priests* mis-led,  
 ' False to my *Hopes*, is in *Rebellion* bred.

' Not that my *Emissaries* *There* I want:  
 ' *Atheists* to *Curse*, and *Hypocrites* to *Cant*.  
 ' ~~Burgles~~ aloft *Harangues* the gaping *Crowd*,  
 ' Witty *H*——G below *Blasphemes* aloud;  
 ' And to each other, tho' so *Opposite*,  
 ' Yet in my *Cause* *Both* lovingly *Unite* :  
 ' The *N*——*T* to my *Wish* proceeds,  
 ' Neglected *Gardens* must be choak'd with *Weeds*.  
 ' Oh, cou'd I Sink the *Sacramental Test* !  
 ' Down falls at once the *Altar* and the *Priest* :  
 ' For still th' *Establish'd Church* is all my *Bane* :  
 ' And while That stands I ne'er most hope to *Reign*.  
 ' But then that *Oxford* ~~is~~, damn'd *Pedantick Town* !  
 ' Thus to be *Fool'd* by a *Square Cap* and *Gown* !  
 ' How *Old* and *Silly*, *Satan* art Thou grown ?

' But 'tis *Resolv'd*, new *Measures* I will try,  
 ' Quick to ~~S~~——~~S~~——*A*, to ~~L~~——~~L~~——*T* I will fly :  
 ' ~~L~~——~~L~~——*T*, alike with me, by *God* Accurs'd ;  
 ' In *Vice* and *Error* from his *Cradle* Nurs'd :  
 ' He *Studies Hard*, and takes extreme *Delight*,  
 ' In *Whores*, or *Heresies* to spend the *Night* :



' My Vassal sworn ! He loves *Confusion's* Cause,  
 ' And hates, like *Me*, all *Government* and *Laws* :  
 ' All *Ties of Duty, Gratitude* are vain ;  
 ' No *Bonds* his furious *Malice* can restrain :  
 ' All *Int'rests, Civil, Sacred*, still unite  
 ' With idle *Toyl*, to check his ardent *Spite*.

Thus having said, quick down to *Earth* he fell ;  
 Full in the Middle of the *Quadrangle* :  
 With sudden Glance he travers'd all the Rooms,  
 And then forthwith a *Humane Shape* assumes.

Like an *Old College-Bedmaker* he bent ;  
 His *Clowen-Foot* he wrigg'l'd as he went :  
 A *frowzy High-crown'd Hat* his Face did hide,  
 A hooked *Staff* his tott'ring Steps did guide,  
 A *Bunch* of various *Keys* hung jangling by his Side.

Quick to the Doctor's Chamber he repair'd,  
 Three solemn Rapps upon the Door were heard ;  
 The Doctor listning, trembl'd, swore, and star'd.

And in an instant tow'rd's the Door he goes,  
 The Door, self-opening, took him thwart the Nose.

Astonish'd, back he started with a bound ;  
 And thought, at least, he trod enchanted Ground.

But as the Spectre nearer to him drew,  
 Resolv'd at last, he cries, Z——s ! What are You ?

The *Spright*, observing streight his great *Confusion*,  
 Thus calmly *Silence* broke ( as He who knows one ).

' Dear Doctor ! Prithee do not Tremble so :  
 ' Pray be compos'd ! What ?——Not *Crippelia* know !  
 ' The *Devil* is not come to fetch you now,

' Once I was Young, nor wanted *Female Charms*,  
 ' When I lay Panting in your curling Arms :  
 ' Lock'd in the *Folds of Love* we Both defy'd  
 ' The *Statutes*, and the *Laws of GOD* beside.

' Then

' Then, my *Civilian* ! As Intranc'd you lay,  
 ' How did you Sigh and Kifs the Hours away :  
 ' Not *Alexander* , with *Statira* Blest,  
 ' His Passion with more Tendernefs exprest.  
 ' What ? tho' with Age and Weaknefs now I bend,  
 ' With Wrinkles shrivel'd :—for One *Tumbler* send :  
 ' If not a Mistress, use me like a Friend.  
 ' For Favours past some small Regards are due ;  
 ' I wou'd not at these Years have flouted you.

' Turn then, *Barbarian*, turn thy lovely Eyes ;  
 ' Survey me well :—and mark my thin Disguise.—

' No musty College-Matron here thou see'st ;  
 ' Them, and their Masters, I alike detest,  
 ' Abhor, as Thou dost any *Christian Priest*.

' Before Thee stands *Hell's* mighty Sovereign King :  
 ' My Subject's Thanks for thy last Works I bring.

' All my Grim Sons, with *Emulation* fir'd,  
 ' Restless, thy *Rights* thy *Christian Rights* requir'd,  
 ' Thy *Christian Church's Rights* : Immortal Page !  
 ' Worthy thy *Malice*, *Impudence* and *Rage* :  
 ' Envious they ask, in sullen surly mood ;  
 ' What *Incubus* did o'er thy Fancy brood ?  
 ' All *Hell* resounds thy *Name* with loud Applause,  
 ' And Love the *Leader*, as they Like the *Cause* :  
 ' But above all, the Hot-brain'd *Atheist Crew*,  
 ' That ever *Greece*, or *Rome*, or *Britain* knew,  
 ' Wave all there *Laurels*, and their *Palms* to You.  
 ' *Spinoza* Smiles, and cries—The *Work* is done ;  
 ' L——T shall Finish, (*Satan's Darling Son* :)  
 ' L——T shall Finish, what *Spinoza* first Begun.  
 ' *Hobbes*, *Milton*, *Blount*, *Vanini* with him join :  
 ' All equally Admire the *Vast Design*.  
 ' Then—to the *Trumpet's*, and the *Clarion's Sound* ;  
 ' The giddy Goblets whirl in Eddies round,  
 ' To L——T's Health :—on Earth may L——T dwell !  
 ' Late may we have his Presence here in *Hell* !

' Till

'Till he the Glorious Work has done : They cry,  
 'Till *Christian Churches* all in Ruins ly :  
 (Sonorous Shoutings rend the Livid Sky)  
 No single *Fiend*, through all the numerous *Host*,  
 Declines the *Glass*, when *L——T* is the *Toast*.

' Old *Epicurus*, to *Lucretius* Bow'd,  
 ' Young, Witty, Learn'd, Vain, Impudent, and Proud :  
 ' *Diagoras* next *Apollonius* fat ;  
 ' The solemn *Sages* on thy *Works* debate :  
 ' The Traytor *Judas* list'ning, Grinning stood ;  
 ' Sometime he Mus'd, and then he Laugh'd aloud :  
 ' 'Twixt Rage, and Hate, and Scorn, at last he cries,  
 ' Curse on Thee, for thy silly random Kifs !  
 ' To take the *Founder*, and the *Church* to miss.  
 ' Apostate *Julian* rose, and loudly Swore,  
*The Galileans Empire was no more ;*  
*His Royal Priesthood shou'd for ever cease,*  
*And Satan shall regain the Realms of Bliss.*

By this time *L——T*, quite recover'd, stood ;  
 His Visage redden'd with returning Blood,  
 And thus he answer'd (when he Thrice had Bow'd.)

Dr. Great are the Honors, which the *Prince of Hell*  
 Bestows upon a *Mortal Infidel* :  
 Nor with less *Pleasure* I the *Praises* hear,  
 Your *Subjects* to my trifling *Labours* spare ;  
 Neither to *You*, nor *Them*, I must confess,  
 My *Duty*, as I ought, I can express :  
 Fain wou'd I Merit more ! wou'd they but Praise me less.  
 But give me leave (as I'm in Duty bound)  
 To pay thee, *Satan* ! Reverence most profound :  
 (Here with his Head Nine times he touch'd the Ground.)  
 Civility surprizing, I acknowledge ;  
 To Visit a poor Fellow of a College !  
 For *Hell's* dread *Emperor* to condescend  
 Himself ! to see a Vile *Terrestrial Fiend* !  
 Tell me, Ye Gods of *Erebus* and *Night* !  
 How have Ye heard of such a worthless Wight ?  
 What Thanks are then, *Supream Apostate* ! due  
 From me, (the *Meaneſt* of *God's Foes*) to *You* ?

S. Egregious Youth ! Thou last best Hopes of Hell ! }  
 All Satan's Sons, have hitherto done well ;  
 But *Thou*, all Satan's Sons do'st far excel. }  
 —However—let us not. My Worthy Friend !  
 Our Time in Ceremonies only spend :  
 Nine times Three Minutes I can only stay,  
 And cannot bear the least Approach of Day :  
 Then to the Bus'ness quickly let us come ;  
 'Tis what you Study here, and I at home,  
 The *Church of England* is the Curfed Thing,  
 That You and I must to Destruction bring.

D. Thanks, Great Destroyer ! if so mean a Man  
 As I, but work such Mighty Mischief can ;  
 No Time, nor Cost I'll spare ; no Strength or Pains :  
 (The *Church of England's* Losses are my Gains.)  
 Some *Deanery* then to my *Lay-fee* shall fall ;  
 The *Bishopricks*—my *Betters* must have,—*All*.

S. I tell Thee, *L——T*, and observe it well :  
 Merit, like Thine, does all Reward excel.  
 For *Gold*, or *Fame*, let little Souls contend ;  
*Dis-interested Mischief* be Thy *End* :  
 Only with *Patience* in thy Work persist ;  
 To *Hell's* infernal *Cesar* leave the rest.

D. Oh *Emperor* ! What Merit can I claim ?  
 The Youngest *Hero* in thy Lists of *Fame*.  
 Had I of old, (as *Scripture Annals* sing)  
 Wag'd War with Thee 'gainst Heav'n's perpetual King :  
 Had I (but only on the Conquer'd side)  
 Display'd, with Thee, my Vanity and Pride ;  
 Some *Laurel* then I cou'd with Pleasure wear,  
 And without Blushing now my Praises hear.

S. Extreame on all sides we with Justice blame ; }  
 A little then thy Head-strong Rage reclaim : }  
 And try thy *Lust* of Anarchy to tame.  
 Mischief enough remains on Earth undone ;  
 Then check thy flight tow'ards Heav'n, my towering Son.  
 The



The greatest Worth still Bounds and Limits knows;  
 Be satisfy'd——and gall thy Present Foes.  
 The *Christian Church* is still in Safety found;  
 Let That be first quite Levell'd to the Ground.  
 When Thou hast finish'd this, (no small Design)  
 Thou may'st with reason for fresh Mischief pine:  
 And before all the Christian Churches, still  
 Let *Albion's Church* employ thy utmost Skill;  
 Quick against That the second Battery raise,  
 And equal to thy Mischief be thy Praise.  
 Her Clergy first, with foulest *Lyes* defame;  
 Her Clergy, of whatever Age or Name:  
*Rome's Pontif*, and the *Ruling Elders* spare,  
 To Blacken *Albion's Bishops* be thy care:  
 Tell how that Realm is by the Bishops curs'd;  
 All Discord, Error, by their *Canons* nurs'd:  
 New Schemes of Government unheard-of raise;  
 And all (but That which you live under) Praise:  
 For Mad Republicks still thy Strains pursue;  
 For Mad Republicks, whether Old or New:  
 All cursed Monarchies alike decry,  
 Mix'd, Absolute, there various Rights deny:  
 Monarchs, as Tyrants, in thy Books display:  
 Bishops, as feller Tyrants far then they:  
*False are our Hopes, and Profitless our Pains,*  
*While Bishops Mitres wear, and ANNA Reigns.*

D. It shall be done: Great Enemy of Light  
 I bear 'em all, with Thee, an equal Spite:  
 An equal Spite, tho' not a Power I bring  
 With Thee 'gainst *Heav'n's all-ruling Tyrant Kings*  
 I hate his Son, as much as You, or more;

S. Why wilt Thou thus aloft unbounded soar?  
 Stoop; stoop thy Wings: on Earth again descend.

D. At Thy Monition, downwards thus I bend;  
 And only With——*His Church* on Earth may End!

Oh were my Will, but once *Britannia's Law*!  
*Rome* should again the servile Nation awe;



The *Druids* else regain there lost Abodes,  
 And *Thor* and *Woden* be *Britannia's* Gods :  
*Idols* in every Temple thou'd be found,  
 The Poor in Chains of Superstition bound ;  
 The Rich in Luxury and Atheism drown'd :  
 All Decency and Order thou'd be Damn'd :  
 And wild *Enthusiasm* run Bellowing thro' the Land,  
 All, in their Turn, be *Prophets*, *Priests*, and *Kings*  
 Distinctions are but meer fantastick Things :  
 All Government does from the *People* flow :  
 Whom They make *Priests* or *Kings*, are truly so.  
 These are the Doctrines in the *Rights* I teach,  
 No matter what the *Prophets* or *Apostles* Preach.

S. *Moses* indeed (a Wonder-working Jew)  
 Tells you, how Empire first in *Eden* grew ;  
 That *Adam* was the first undoubted King,  
 And from his Loyns all future Monarchs spring :  
 All *Regal Power* on Earth with him began,  
 And thro' his Veins to his First-born it ran :  
 God made the *Monarch* when he made the *Man*.  
 The *Patriarchs* hence their *Right Imperial* claim'd ;  
 And the First Son the *Successor* was Nam'd :  
 The *People* never gave *Dominion* Birth ;  
 As well might *Crowns* like *Mushrooms* spring from Earth :  
*Notions*——I own——that have been reckon'd Good,  
 But wond'rous Old !——I think——before the Flood :  
 Dry : hard to swallow : Some of narrower Throats  
 Doubt, or deny, and Think this *Rabbi* dotes ;  
 So Comment all the *Text* away with *Notes*.  
 Next, He of *Nazareth* the *Prophet*, came ;  
 (To Me, and Thee, an ever hateful Name.)  
 The *Scheme Mosaick* he in Pieces broke ;  
 But gall'd the *Nations* with an equal Yoke :  
 Of *Monarchs* and their *Crowns* he little said ;  
 (Only, To *Cesar*, *Cesar's Things* be paid.)  
 The *Laws of Earthly Realms* he let alone ;  
 But in Exchange, beneath his *Priests* ye groan :  
 And if from Heav'n, (as they pretend) He came ;  
 Their *Priesthood* then from Heav'n they justly claim :

And

But that a little shocks my Faith ; D. Much mine :

S. The Christian Priesthood then is not Divine.  
If Jesus then was not the Son of God,  
Then an Impostor ; D. which I think : S. Allow'd,

D. \* And justly on the Cross the Impostor Bow'd.  
To coming Ages ! for th' Impostor's Sake,  
Of all his Tribe the like Examples make ;  
With equal Pain and Shame his Followers we,  
With endless Plagues that Progeny perplex,  
Let 'em from Earth with utmost Fury fly,  
To seek their Weights of Glory in the Sky.

S. He first, then They, those slavish Doctrines taught,  
That no Revenge must on your Foes be wrought :  
That Crowns Celestial were to Cowards giv'n :  
And only Slaves on Earth were Lords in Heav'n :  
Doctrines, too Low, for thy Erected Race,  
Reject 'em then, Sublimely far embrace  
Submission does thy Manly Tribe disgrace.  
Do Thou, thy native Fierceness bravely show ;  
Rather than Pardon, give the foremost Blow :  
Forgiveness, is the Coward's want of Skill,  
Or Strength, to execute his angry Will :  
Or else Revenge delay'd ; till Time mature  
Succeed the Vengeance, make Resentment sure.  
Thou on thy Foes with Speed and Vigour fly ;  
And ev'ry bold Offender, let him dye :  
Stay not till he thy Pardon may implore ;  
Or if he does, let that incense Thee more  
It shows a Coward ; and a Coward's Blow,  
Deserves the utmost that thy Rage can do :  
Thy Humour be thy Law, thy Lust thy Guide ;  
Nor subect be to any thing beside,  
But Obstinacy, Vanity and Pride.

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\* See The Ax laid to the Root, where you may plainly find,  
such Malice, and such Blasphemy, to be the Sentiments and Lan-  
guage of these Execrable Apostates.

— In Truths like these the hardy Britons train ;  
 Thus Subjects Wise their Liberties maintain :  
 And thus Rebellion will securely Reign.  
 Subjects, like These, their trembling Rulers awe ;  
 Thus Kings Receive, the People Give the Law :  
 If any Swacy Monarch dare oppose,  
 Or Pedant Bishop : let them feel their Foes :  
 To Death or Exile quick the Traytors drive ;  
 No Rebels to the People ought to live.  
 Thus LAUD, and STUART, Both with Justice Dy'd,  
 Fierce Cromwel, with the Many on his side,  
 Thus check'd the Prelate's, and the Monarch's Pride.

D. And thus it is, True Oracle of Lyes !  
 That in the Rights, the Britons I advise :  
 But they remain, reluctant to my Will ;  
 Their Beer, and Beef, confirm 'em Blockheads still.  
 Wou'd They, but publickly my Doctrines own,  
 The Monarchy had long e'er this, been down :  
 Episcopacy of that Name bereft ;  
 And that is almost All, it now has left.  
 If common Fortune does my Toyls attend,  
 My Second Rights that Order quite shall end.  
 Instruct me, Mighty Leader ! to Oppose  
 Priests, Bishops, Kings : Britannia's only Foes.

S. L—T! —Your Rights I like in gen'ral well,  
 Yet — in some parts, You've broke the Laws of Hell :  
 You speak too plain — and lay your Cloak aside —  
 Forbear, — — — be cover'd, — — I chastise such Pride.  
 Wise Fowlers do not thus themselves proclaim,  
 But Wind with Caution round the watchful Game :  
 Had I, like You, the Hypocrite disown'd,  
 Adam had ne'er beneath my Scepter groan'd,  
 Bravo's, in other Countries, never cry  
 The Men in Publick, they intend shall Dye.  
 Wou'dst Thou ? Civilian ! Depths Satanick know ;  
 Then to these Rules with deep Attention bow.  
 Let Moderation all your Counsels Guide ;  
 Nothing does Vice so well as Vertue hide :  
 True, Sterling, and Infernal Treason's — This,  
 Formal begin — All Hail ! — and then — the Kiss :  
 With

With Caution most deliberate proceed ;  
 The swiftest is not still the surest Speed :  
 To Brutal Rashness few Great Deeds we owe ;  
 Hero's in Mischief Civil are, and Slow :  
 A Gentle Answer all Objections solves ;  
 Sheeps Cloathing is the proper Garb for Wolves.  
 In vain against Religion War you wage,  
 Without the Serpent's Cunning, with his Rage.

D. Accept my Thanks ; Hades All Sapient Sire !  
 Who can Enough thy Politicks admire ?  
 Prostrate I Kneel ; ——— and for thy Pardon sue ; ———  
 For Moderation all my Vows renew :  
 Then bow Thine Ear, and listen to my Cries ;  
 And make Me, like thy Self, both Brave, and Wise.

S. Thus your Stage-Poets too, are All to blame,  
 Those Puppies ever over-run their Game :  
 Over all Bounds, all Precipices leap ;  
 Nor mind the Lashings of the Hunter's Whip :  
 Bawdy, Profaneness, Blasphemy the join ;  
 Think only Wit, with Wickedness, Divine :  
 Turn ev'ry thing that's Sacred to a Jest ;  
 In Christian Countries never spare a Priest :  
 For Faults, like these, Fierce Jerry Collier rose ;  
 Briskly he Charg'd, and Routed all his Foes :  
 E'en the Train-Band Reformers, cou'd engage  
 Such Sots ; with Glory equal to their Rage.  
 For Faults, like these, from France the Dancers come ;  
 And Eunuch Singing Choristers, from Rome :  
 At vast Expence those Epicures are fed ;  
 The Poets, Players, justly want their Bread.  
 'Tis for these Reasons Theatres decay ;  
 Profaneness sinks, and Blasphemy gives way :  
 Bawdy no more with Pleasure can be heard ;  
 The Modest, Civil Sinners, all are scar'd.  
 For this, One House a Timber-Yard is turn'd ;  
 Oh ! had ye heard ——— how Pocky D ——— mourn'd !  
 The Pillars too of all the Others bend ;  
 I see their pageant Deities descend :  
 And all in real Flames their painted Glories end.

Kiss :  
 With

The



The Mightiest Emperors, Most Gracious Queens,  
 Dwindle to Pimps, and Whores behind the Scenes.  
 With Prudence then, divert th' impending Blow,  
 Some Moderation in your Madness show :  
 For Lewdness, for discreeter Lewdness call ;  
 For Modest Vice : ——— or else the Stage will fall.  
 Your nasty Nakedness to Rage provokes ;  
 On quickly with your Vizards, ——— All, and Cloaks.  
 Plays are like Poysons, if they're temper'd right,  
 Never offend the Taste, the Smell, or Sight :  
 Bawdy Bare-fac'd must never be allow'd ;  
 Ev'n Whores are Musk'd, and Modest in a Croud.  
 No Blasphemies be Bellow'd from the Stage,  
 Nor any Publick Wars with Vertue wage :  
 In Private be as Wicked as ye will ;  
 Do not Abroad ——— my Mysteries reveal. ———  
 ——— Rakes I abhor ; all Sots so loudly Lewd ;  
 Hell Blushes at the giddy senceless Brood :  
 Whate'er you think, and pray such Coxcombs tell,  
 We have some Modesty at least, ——— in Hell :  
 Not such as is in Silly Virgins seen ;  
 Grave, solid, sober, serious Vice, I mean.  
 Be then these Rules observ'd alike by all ;  
 And Vice again shall rise, and Vertue fall :  
 The Realms of Darkness ev'ry Day increase ;  
 Lewdness grow great, as Modesty grows less ;  
 Atheists, with Poets, Players, (Wretches vile  
 By the Saints call'd) shall Govern Albion's Isle ;  
 And Satan on ye all propitious Smile.

D. If Satan Smiles, what Mortal shall withstand ?  
 Th' unerring Thunder of my Vengeful Hand.

Listen, ye Britons ! then, to L ——— T's Lore ;  
 I'll soon relieve ye from Tyrannick Pow'r :  
 Nor Priests, nor Monarchs, shall in Fetters bind  
 Much longer, any Free-born Briton's Mind :  
 I'll teach ye, ev'ry Bullet-headed Wight,  
 To Drink all Day, and Fornicate all Night ;

S. Well started, Casuist ! — 'tis a Briton's Right.  
 Whoring's a very little Venial Sin.  
 If Phyllis be but Wholefom, Cheap, and Clean ;

And



And Drunkenness is Physically good,  
To cure the Spleen, and circulate the Blood.  
Pray, ——— when you take a new Satanick Text,  
Instruct your Honest Block-head Britons next;  
How by the Gospel they're all Plagu'd and Vext:  
Show 'em, that 'tis beneath a Briton's care,  
To spend his Time in Sacraments and Pray'r.

D. It shall be done, Most Anti-Christian Sprights!  
And the Three Creeds, my Liege, can ne'er be right:  
Three Creeds? but One my Faith does puzzel quite.  
Suppose that NOT, were by the Commons freed  
Out of the Decalogue, and plac'd i'th' Creed:  
That little trifling Particle ——— that NOT;  
(Or if Expting'd ——— 'twou'd be no mighty Blot.)

S. Compendious Thought! well worthy to succeed;

D. Thus Faith and Practice, both at once wou'd bleed:

S. That wou'd be Liberty and Property indeed!

D. Oh! wou'd but Time that happy Scene disclose!  
In which no Senator shou'd dare appose  
That Vote; but all Unanimously join;  
Me, and themselves, to free from Laws Divine:  
Then Uncontroul'd, I'd humour ev'ry Lust,  
And only be to Wine, and Women, Just.

S. Nothing shou'd bind a British P ——— r,  
Without each Individual's Consent.  
The Horeb Contract, never yet was laid  
Before the Houses; nor has Once been Read,  
Or Pass'd in Either: ——— Wherefore then Obey'd?

D. Was Horeb's rigid Contract made for me?  
Did I the Thunders hear? or Lightnings see?

S. Then not Consenting, you are plainly Free;  
All Contracts where one Party's over-aw'd,  
The Civil Law, I think, deems Null and Void.

No *Freedom* with those Ten Commandments lasts,  
 That *Horeb Contract* all your *Freedom* blasts :  
 Dissolve that Contract, try your utmost Strength,  
 You may, perhaps, find Friends enough at length :  
 Do *Thou*, my *Canonist* ! prepare a Bill,  
 The House can any Covenants repeal :  
 And who shall dare Oppose a *Senate's Will* ?  
 But I'm afraid, their boggling at the *Test* ;  
 Gives us but slender grounds to hope the Best.  
 Had they that Bill but Generously pass'd ;  
 With better grace you might have Urg'd this last.

D. Your *Majesty* makes Merry with your *Slave* ;

S. Dost thou then reckon thine own *Projects* grave ?  
 Thy *Projects* in the *Rights* ? Thou partial Knave !  
 Well, to be Serious : — Nay, nay, — why that Look ? —  
*There's very wretched Reas'ning in thy Book* :  
 But — if you please the Nation with such *Stuff* ;  
 And make the *Clergy* Odious : — 'tis Enough.  
 Thy Knowledge of the *Scripture* too, is small,  
 But that, and *Logick* in a Lawyer, shall  
 Not be by Me, insisted on — at all.  
 Cou'd you no better, than you Reason, Rail ;  
 L — T, 'twixt Friends, the *Parsons* wou'd prevail.

D. I've done my Best: What Mortal can do more ?  
 I'm sure there's *Malice* in my Book, good store.

S. Yes, pretty well — Doctor of *Civil Law* !  
 At Last — I heed not *Logick* of a Straw :  
 Tho' less, than Thy *Rights*, I own, I never saw.  
 — No matter — *Malice*, *Slander*, does as well :  
 These are our constant Arguments in Hell.  
 Be sure then, in your Second *Rights*, take care,  
 That Curs'd, Establish'd *Clergy* not to spare :  
 Load 'em with *Malice*, *Slander*, ev'ry where.  
 Stab 'em my *Ruffian* ! Stab 'em thro' with *Lyes* :  
 Till at thy Feet, that *Order*, gasping, Dies.  
 Then I, my Self, will lead Thee done to Hell,  
 There, in supreme Pomp, with Me to dwell.

The Furies patient, shall thy Coming wait ;  
 In *Magick Circles*, to attend thy *State* :  
 Ten Thousand *Infidels*, before Thee fly,  
 To cleare thy Passage, thrô the crouded Sky.  
 At thy Approach, *Rebellion* stern will rise,  
 All smeer'd with Blood and Gash'd : (to Arms she cries,  
 Hurling a Spear tow'rds Heav'n,) since L——T's ours,  
 Let's re-attack, ye Fiends, th' *Etherial Tow'rs*.  
*Democracy*, (a Noisy patriot Fool,  
 The Rabble's *Idol*, and the Statesman's *Tool*,)  
 After her sawcy and familiar way,  
 Doctor, I'm Yours ; Yours heartily, She'll say :  
 How fares on Earth the *Jus Divinum* ? Dead ?  
 Do the *Patricii* the *Plebes* dread ?  
 Almost——then fling this *Mitre* at that *Monarch's* Head.  
*Sedition* loud, to *Tumult* mad, shall bawl ;  
 And Welcome Thee to Satan's gloomy Hall :  
*Slander* with all her Snakes shall hiss thy Praise ;  
*Treason* leave all her Plots on Thee to gaze :  
*Lewdness* with *Deism* shall Record thy Name,  
 And *Envy* shall not envy Thee thy Fame.  
 That wither'd, crooked Witch, Old *Heresy*,  
 Will Wanton, Frantick grow, at sight of Thee :  
 Catch Thee with Lust exstactick in her Arms ;  
 Smiling with Youth renew'd, and Virgin Charms :  
 Then eager preßs her burning Lips to thine,  
 And round thy Neck, like a fond Mistress, twine.  
*Vain-Glory*, (Mighty Builder !) last shall raise,  
 At my Expençe, this Fabrick to thy Praise.  
 Three Hundred Cubits from the solid Ground,  
 (And all Emboss'd with swelling Sculpture round)  
 The *Column* rises just ; with *Strength* & *Beauty* crown'd.  
 High on its flaming Top, shall L——T stand ;  
 Thy *Christian Rights* wide open in thy Hand :  
 There, Thou shalt teach the *Damn'd* to Curse, Revile  
 God's *Priesthood* and his Sons : the *damn'd* the while  
 Forgetting all their Pains, shall listning Smile.  
 Sullen *Enthusiasm* tearing of his Hair,  
 Distorted, Foaming, Trembling, in Despair,  
 Low at the Pillars Base half-rais'd shall ly,  
 Then Staring upwards, with a Shriek shall cry,  
 ' Are Atheists lifted up in Hell so high !

On thy Right-hand, Proud *Blasphemy* shall sit,  
 And on thy Left, *Prophaneness* : *Scurril Wit*,  
*Impudence*, *Sophistry*, (*Hell's Rabble Rour*)  
 With *Error*, *Folly*, *Vanity* and *Doubt* ;  
 Huzza——The Rights—The Christian Rights—shall shout.  
 The *Scriptures* all to shivers torn, shall fly  
 Like driving *Snows* along a stormy *Sky* :  
 The *Spoils of Christian Churches* shall bestrow  
 With sweet *Confusion* all the *Plain* below.  
*Rage* unreclaim'd shall round the *Ruins* ride,  
 With stupid *Irreligion* by his *Side* :  
 (On *Earth* by *Flattery* Both for *Patriots* prais'd,  
 In *Hell* by me to *Seats infernal* rais'd :)  
 These shall the *Scepter*, *Robes* and *Diadem* bring,  
 While I anoint Thee——*Mischief's Monkey King*.  
 Such are the *Honours* I prepare for those,  
 Who are, like Thee, to *Priests* *Immortal Foes*.  
 Was ever *Land* by silly *Priests* mis-led ?  
 Did ever ancient *Heroes* *Parsons* dread ?  
 Ye drowzy *Senators* ! from *Sleep* arise !  
 Ye *Publick Patriots* ! when will Ye be *Wise* ?  
 Wou'd Ye a true *Dependant Priesthood* have ?  
 Resume the *Tythes* your dull *Forefathers* gave.  
 Let 'em at *Altars* for *Subscription* wait,  
 Or *Arbitrary Pensions* of the *State* :  
 Then if They dare, but what you'd have 'em teach,  
 Let 'em, like *Paul*, at their own *Charges* Preach :  
 While they their *Bishopricks*, and *Dean'ries* keep,  
 These *Wolves* will never tremble at You *Sheep*.

D. That little *Test*, my *Liege* ! these *Notions* nicks ;  
 Jesurun, till he fattens, never kicks.

S. The *Convocation*, do what'ere I can,  
 Still thwarts the *Measures* of my *Dark Deian*.

D. Might *Slaves* with *Emperors* in *Counsell* share,  
 That *Senate*, in *Ten Thousand Pieces* tear.  
 In that, *Britannia's Church* collected stands  
 A *Giant* with *Two Heads*, *Three Hundred Hands*.  
 Bodies *United*, *Terrible* appear ;  
 Which *seperate*, no single *Man* wou'd *Fear* :



Each Coward singly, I my-self cou'd beat ;  
But dare not All of 'em together meet.

So wary *Hawks* do fearful *Pigeons* fly,  
As they in *Squadrons* Wing the liquid Sky :  
When joyn'd in Troops, the Foe they wisely shun,  
And yet, they'll Kill a Thousand, One by One.

S. Now I commend Thee M——w, wisely said ;  
And wisely with such Enemies proceed :  
Do Thou instruct the Commons, and the Law,  
With Premunires still those Priest to awe ;  
Then they'll Submit : Thus *Henry* gain'd his Cause ;  
*All Shepherds tremble at a Lion's Paws ?*  
For tho' to Others they of *Suffering* talk,  
In their own Case they still that Doctrine baulk.  
And after all——if those Two Houses——meet——  
— D. The Devil, S. And the Doctor. D. Both are bit :  
But for their *Gracious Empress*——there's the Task——

S. Which will my utmost Care and Caution ask.  
I own, she's arm'd with Piety and Pray'rs ;  
Such Goodness——frequently eludes my Snares.  
Firm and unshaken, hitherto Sh'as stood ;  
Nor heeds the Noise and Workings of the Flood.  
But Hope, you Mortals say, with Life does last ;  
Tho' beaten still, still I can rise as fast.  
You cannot but remember Gentle *Eve* ;  
To me——the Wheedling of the Ladies leave.  
Old *Clarendon* does well my *Friends* disgrace,  
What then?—my Friends at Court have met with Place.  
Patient I'll wait——Observe the rowling Sky ;  
Then——catch the lucky Minutes as they fly.  
Once, with Success, I Hunted mighty Game ;  
That Day shall stand consign'd to Deathless Fame,  
Earth trembl'd as my *Beagles* roaring onward came.  
Remorseless, round the *Royal Hart* they stood,  
And plung'd their *Dew-laps* in his Sacred Blood.  
The Powers infernal Jealous, wonder'd why,  
Twas given to Mortal Men to Sin so high.  
Thus fell Old Pious *CHARLES*, in Suff'rings Brave ;  
The *Rebels* Rul'd, their *Monarch* was their Slave :  
His Clemency did first his State enthrall ;



And by his *Goodness* 'twas I wrought his Fall.  
 I fill'd his *Senates* with my sawcy Brood,  
 Erect with Sin and Impudence they stood;  
 The *Subject* Hector'd, and the *Monarch* Bow'd,  
 For that perhaps Above he is Renown'd,  
 But since on *Earth* a *Traytor's* Death he found,  
 I'm satisfy'd. D. So may all *Kings* be Crown'd !

S. Oh *ANNA* ! When will Thy *Devotion* cease ?  
 When will Thy *Streams of Charity* decrease !  
 That better *Hopes* may to our prospect rise ;  
 But Thou'rt confirm'd the *Darling of the Skies*.  
 Why art Thou thus to *Generously* Great ?  
 To sink Thy *Own*, to raise the *Clergy's* State.  
 What *Blessings* still attend thy *Glorious* Reign !  
 Oh *ANNA* ! most perversly *Pious* Queen !  
 Heav'n Smiles to see Thee Rule thy *Realms* below ;  
 And *Sov'reign Power*, with *Sov'reign Goodness* show :  
 Thy *Royal Granfire's* Worth, with better Fate,  
 Shall make Thee, thro' all Ages, *Truly* Great.

D. All *Mighty-I'lls* by *Fate's* *Adverse* are cross'd ;  
 Thus We not *Works*, but wishes only boast :  
 Brave *Ravillac* shou'd else but *Second* stand  
 To me, in *Hell's* *Affassinating* Band :  
 Were it not otherwise *Decreed* above ;  
 The *Guardian Angels* still the *Strongest* prove.  
 But, Sir ?——those *Foolish Universities* !  
 Are they too, *Guarded* by *Supream Degrees* ?  
 Oh wou'd some other *Henry* but arise !  
 Dissolve their *Colleges*, their *Buildings* burn,  
 And all their *Books* to *Flames* and *Ashes* turn :  
 Sell all their *Lands*, to make the *Nobles* Drunk,  
 That ev'ry *Commoner*, as *Olim*——*nunc*,  
 Might at the *Churches* *Charges* keep——a *Punk*.  
 Then Thou \* *Bridgwater* ! shou'dst in *Europe* claim,  
*Oxford's* *Immortal* *Venerable* Name :  
*Cambridge* to \* *Taunton* all Her *Tow'rs* resign ;  
 S. And Both, in *Mighty L*——*T's* *Praises* joyn.

\* Two Noted Presbyterian-Seminaries in the West of England.

D. Thus *Piety* and *Learning* shou'd Decay,  
And *Ignorance* and *Atheism* bear the Sway.

S. Exquisite Fiend ! *Satan's* undoubted Seed !  
How does thy Likeness justify thy Breed ?  
What Pity 'tis, it ever shou'd be said,  
That Thou did'st Eat a paltry *Prelate's* Bread.  
For Shame ! For Shame ! thy Fellowship Resign !  
Nor longer with those *Christian Coxcombs* Dine.  
Forfake thy *Pedant Cell*, to *Courts* repair,  
Triumphant *Atheism* Thou wilt meet with there :  
Thy most degenerate Friends, the *Courtiers* tell,  
We have not such Ingratitude in Hell ;  
To let a Youth, like Thee, regardless pass,  
Nor mind the Glories of thy Glitt'ring Face  
Merit, like Thine, to meet with no Reward ?  
Ye Guardian Pow'rs of Vice ! 'tis wond'rous hard :  
King *David's* Admonition here is just ;  
*Not Princes, nor in any Courtiers trust.*  
But hold——my Time is almost quite expir'd ;  
Besides, Below my Presence is requir'd.

——'Rot these *Republicans* ! I am Betray'd ;  
' That *Tutchin* ! has a *Insurrection* made  
' With his *Deposing Doctrines* ; but e'er Day,  
' Ple teach that *Dog* ! *Hell's Monarch* to Obey,  
Do Thou, then, quickly these few Orders take,  
And I thy Room, at present, will forsake.  
' To all thy real and admiring Friends,  
' *Satan*, by Thee, his hearty Love commends.  
' To *Tobias*, *Gottens*, *St——ns*, *As——l*, tell,  
' Sir *Robert Howard* Greets 'em kindly well ;  
' And hopes to see 'em shortly All——in *Hell*.  
' From me the *Phoenix Editors* Salute ;  
' And I've a Letter here for *Esquire S——se*.  
' *John Duden*, with his Brethren of the Bays,  
' His love to *Guth*, *Blaspheming Guth*, conveys ;  
' And Thanks him for his *Pagan Funeral Praise*.  
' Hopes *Wittory*, whose *Christian Name* is *Will*,  
' Continues very Witty, Wicked still :  
' The like of *C——ve*, *V——k*, and the Rest,  
' Who Swear, that *all Religion* is a Jest.

: Tell

' Tell Doctor ~~Buck~~ *Bel*, *Theory* I mean,  
 ' His *Eve* and *Serpent* have our *Tatler* been :  
 ' *Lucian*, the Master for that Dialogue Thanks ;  
 ' The *Snake*, and *Lady* faith, play—pretty Pranks.  
 ' *Hugh Peters* something said, a Canting Sot,  
 ' About One *Ben*—his Sir-name I've forgot :  
 ' His *Measures* of *Submission*, were Obey'd  
 ' Exactly, by *Wat Tylor*, and *Jack Cade*.  
 ' *George Fox* to *Lacy* had some Warnings groan'd,  
 ' But his stiff Scribe was no where to be found :  
 ' The Fool himself, can neither Write nor Read ;  
 ' The *Motions* of his *Chops* I did not heed.  
 ' Old *Arius* cry'd O *Lucifer* ! I charge ye,  
 ' Thank *Wh*—~~if~~—*for* his *Money* to the Clergy.  
 ' *Oliver's* Porter stop'd me at *Hell's Door*,  
 ' And in my Ears this *Prophecy* did roar.  
 ' A certain circumflex Enthusiast Knight,  
 ' Of *Britain-Great*, a very little Wight,  
 ' Sir R——d B——y call'd bid him but wait,  
 ' When *Emes* does rise, his *Worship* will be Steight.  
 Have ye not here, on Earth Pray ? *Hell-whelps* too ?

D. Your *Higness* means, if I conjecture true,  
 Our Block-head *Observer*, and *Review*.

S. The same ———  
 They're mangy, lazy Currs, I'll have 'em Hang'd ;  
 Or else, till all their Bones are broken, Bang'd.  
 In half this Time *Pryn* Ruin'd Church and State :

D. All *Scoundrels* cannot grow, by Scribbling, Great.

S. If they can nothing more to Purpose say,  
 I'll burn their *Papers*, and withdraw their *Pay*.  
 ' *Prithee* reach hither, M——s ! the *Bibliothèque*  
 ' *Choisy*, where th' Author, of Your Works does speak :  
 ' Because, *Socinus* has a Wager laid,  
 ' There's something greatly to Your Honour said :  
 ' And that our Scribbling *Swifts*, *Le Clerc*, will say  
 ' As much———of any *Devil* in *Hell*———for *Pay*.

' In Winter, when at C——*nst*——*ne's* You meet,  
 ' Pray tell that Club, I Kifs their *Cloven-Feet*.  
 ' And at the *Calves'-Head-Feast*, when next You Dine,  
 ' Accept these Flask of *Acherontick* Wine:  
 ' The Tost — be Honest *Noll's* good Health and Wine. }  
 ' I'll have a Brace of *Dates* within this Sennight,  
 ' Spite of the Doctrine of that Doctor *K——*  
 ' From me, as from a Friend, his Reverence tell,  
 ' We've *Men of Sense* and *Quality* in Hell.  
 ' 'Tis well remembred — Take one Parting Kifs;  
 ' Thine Elder Brother *Judas* sent Thee this.  
 Thus having said, He in a Mist withdrew,  
 And in a Moment up the Chimney flew.

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F I N I S.

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The Vintner, who as C. ————  
 I find their cellar-fer-  
 mented, when next You Drink  
 of a good Wine:  
 I find a good Health and Wine  
 is within this Son

Doctor K. ————  
 The Reverend  
 Mr. Hall  
 The Parsonage  
 The Church  
 The Church



